

Meet Me At The Flagpole

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>Pairing: Eli 'Weevil' Nevarro and Veronica Mars

>Disclaimer: I own nothing here, I make no profit; just smiles.

Nothing serious, just some Eli and Veronica fun one-shot I wanted to write. Leave a review if you want to. Thanks :D

* * *

><p>"Yo Weeve, there's somebody already there."<p>

Weevil turned to Felix a few steps behind him. The pseudo-sibling had one hand to block the morning sun from his eyes, staring straight ahead with a squint.

Weevil, like the other bikers, scanned ahead to the flagpole.

True to word, it was occupied in trademark style by a half-naked student covered in duct tape.

"So, you'll let me go?" Tom asked meekly, struggling between Thumper

and Dags.

"We ain't bring you out here for nothin'!" Thumper complained, tugging the wimp to keep in step.

"Anyone recognise him?" Weevil asked the boys, still focussed on the current occupant of the flagpole. Judging by the size of the victim, this was a geek that had crossed a stereotype line. Had one of his boys delivered some justice alone last night? It was definitely their MO.

"Dudeâ€¦|" Felix ran ahead a few paces. "I ain't so sure it's a dudeâ€¦|"

The comment had the boys' steps slowing. But it couldn't stop the curiosity driving them forwards.

Someone had taped a _girl_ to the flagpole?

Blonde hair covered the face, the head hung down as hands heavily flexed for room.

"Let me go. I swear, I won't say a thing. I promise." Tom was bumbling on in the background, but very few had ears for him. The focus was most definitely on her, whoever _she_ was. Wondering who had done it, wondering why. It was something else entirely to humiliate a girl like this.

"Weeve, what you wanna do?"

Weevil didn't know what sparked it, but suddenly there was only one girl that came to his mind who could possibly piss someone off enough to end up taped to a flagpole. And the blonde hair confirmed it.

Jesus V, what did you get yourself into now?

"Put him in the parking lot." Weevil instructed, nodding at the brat they'd intended to string up. Weevil stood stationary, his eyes trying not to stare at the pitiful blonde. Veronicaâ€¦| how did this happen?

Felix hesitated, staying by Weevil's side for an extra second.

"What you gunna do 'bout her?"

Leave her up or take her down; that was the question.

It was an easy answer for him.

Not just because it was Veronica, not because it was nice having her owe him one, but the degradation she'd already suffered was enough for a lifetime. She didn't deserve this no matter what she did.

"Keep the boys in line. I'll deal with this."

"Weeve, whaddya want me to tell 'em?" Felix pressed. Weevil rescuing a damsel from the flagpole would hinder his status as 'couldn't-care-less badass leader'.

"Simple. Tell them there's a line; we don't do this to chicas."

Honour amongst the rebels, it was twisted but vital. Felix tossed a short nod and left to ensure the bikers didn't go overboard with the kid. These days, Felix was an unspoken second in command, they'd obey if he called them off.

Weevil pulled a penknife from the pocket of his leather jacket and approached the exhausted blonde.

"Tell me one of my boys didn't do this to you, V." he begged as he got closer. Her head lifted up and her striking eyes turned warm at the sight of him.

"No, it wasn't one of them." she confirmed. "Can you get me down?" It was a redundant question though, he was already breaking the tape around her ankles.

"Who?" he asked simply. "I'll make them pay." Eli felt an unparalleled need to protect Veronica. Not because she made him smile with her jokes and teases, not because of those few dirty dreams about her, but because he doubted he could forgive himself if something happened to her and he could have prevented it somehow.

"I've got it handled." she protested, wriggling her ankles now the range of motion returned.

"Handled?" he repeated incredulously. This was handled? They clearly had a different definition.

"Please." she just whispered, flexing the bound muscles.

Weevil took pity on her, climbing onto the stone of the pole and cutting her hands free. He muttered an apology as he had to cut at the tape holding her chest to the pole, but something paused him.

"What happened?" His fingers touched to two red marks on her shoulder, if he didn't know better, he'd say she'd been tied up by a damn vampire.

"Taser." she answered. That filled in the blanks as to how she'd been stripped and strung up there. Usually it took three or four of his boys to hold the guy still and tape him. They'd turned her taser back against her and taped her up while she was out cold.

"Vâ€¦ tell me who."

"I'll sort it myself." she bit out, and that much he could believe.

"Alright, but you need help and I'm a phone call away, you hear?"

"Thanks." She tried for a smile as he cut the last tape around her hips. Finally free, she stretched out her cramped shoulders and back but the elegant step down turned into a long drop and sudden stop as

she caught herself on the stone.

"C'mere V." Veronica turned to see Weevil drop his leather jacket to the ground, then strip off his tshirt underneath.

The flash of tattoos tried to claim he was anything but the saviour that cut her down from her humiliation. "I'm guessing your clothes are dumped." he spoke, handing across the tshirt big enough to drown her and pulling the leather jacket back on.

"Thanks."

"Yeahâ€|" he accepted awkwardly, not used to the words directed at him. Definitely not from Veronica Mars.

"Do youâ€|" she began. His eyes turned to her giving no hate or bother and she decided to finish. "Could you take me home?"

He nodded, waiting until she pulled his shirt over her head to cover the duct taped skin. He took her away from the boys, back to his bike.

* * *

><p>Veronica walked ahead into her bedroom, leaving Eli in the kitchen thanking his lucky stars her father was working.<p>

3 minutes later, Veronica emerged with a dressing gown tied tight around her, Eli's shirt in her hands.

"Thanks." she spoke, stretching out to pass him back the shirt.

"Yeah. No problem." He shuffled his weight nervously. "You, uh, get the tape off?"

"Figured I'd just stand in the shower for a while." she admitted, the humiliation of being the helpless female kicking back her confidence.

"You got any nail polish remover?"

"Hardly the time for a manicure." she joked lightly.

"It'll help get rid of the adhesive."

"Probably somewhere." she dismissed, banking the knowledge for after her shower incase it didn't come off.

"Vâ€| what the hell happened?" He couldn't not know.

"It's fine." she stated coldly and held the door open for him to leave. "Thanks for your help, I owe you."

"I cut your ass down from the flagpole and you ain't even gunna tell me what the hell happened to get you stuck up there?"

"That's right." But he didn't move. "Fine. Shut the door on your way out." She walked back into the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

Eli sighed and kicked the front door closed, perching on the bar stool at the kitchen island. He wanted answers, more importantly, he needed to know it wouldn't be happening again. It was sheer luck he'd been there with his boys before the school populous had arrived with cell phone cameras ready for her page one photo shoot.

V didn't deserve that. And he was damn sure it wasn't going to happen again.

"_Jesus Christ!"_ Eli heard from inside the bathroom after the violent rip of duct tape.

Eli was on his feet fast, standing outside the door.

"Y'alright V?"

"I thought you'd gone." she grumbled through the door, and echo of pain in her voice.

"Where'd you keep your nail polish remover?"

"I don't know." she sighed. One, then two seconds passed and Veronica finally accepted the situation. "Could you look under the sink and see if there's any there?"

"Yeah."

Veronica turned in the mirror to the bright red mark across her lower back. The duct tape had roamed far from the protection of underwear and ran tight across hips and chest several times.

She looked down at the tape still on her wrists; that was going to be a bitch to get rid of.

"V?" a knock tapped at the door.

Veronica unlocked it and set it wide against the counter, Eli had already seen her covered in tape, it wasn't the greatest outfit in the world but she didn't have much choice. If anything, just underwear would have been an improvement on her current fashion state.

"And this works?" she asked, taking the acetone formula from him. He'd replaced his shirt, his jacket hanging over it like nothing had ever happened.

"Should do." He leant against the counter, then took the bottle and uncapped it for her when the duct tape manacles proved to get in the way.

"And you would know this how?"

"Piss off the right people, you get to learn a lot of stuff." he simply spoke, gently pulling Veronica's hands over the sink and pouring little drops of the solution on the edges of the tape. "Wanna tell me how you pissed the latest guy off?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm not going to do anything."

"I'm sorry, what?!" Eli withdrew the nail varnish remover and held it out of her reach. This he had to hear.

"It's different, okay." She made to snatch the bottle back but he kept it out of reach.

"When I find you taped to a pole and in a forgiving mood I know something ain't right V. Spill."

Veronica sighed and turned to sit on the other side of the sink, picking at the tape on her wrists as she spoke. "I was working a caseâ€¦ and it had some bad consequences."

"A case left you taped to the flagpole at school?"

"Not exactly." She pulled at the sticky bandaging, it stung, but it came off without taking off her skin and hairs. "My dad asked me to follow a client's husband, take some photosâ€¦ the usual cheating scumbag deal." Nothing unusual at all. The wife was a rich woman, made her millions from Kane Software, the husband was a layabout she was looking to divorce with good reason. "I got the money shot, and a hell of a lot more. Turned them over and she files for divorce." It was never a happy gig, but it paid the bills.

Veronica pulled her right wrist free and dumped the tape in the sink. "The next day, she says she's planning on moving out of the state and rebuilding with a new firm. Her sonâ€¦ finds me at school, tells me he can either lose all his friends and girlfriend and move away with his mother, or stay with his father and descend into near povertyâ€¦ and probably end up losing his friends anyway. Naturally, it's all my fault."

Veronica struggled with her left wrist and Eli extended the acetone back, dribbling a bit more on the tapes edges where it stuck tight. "I was on another case last night, same deal. He found me, started shouting at me, telling me I was ruining lives."

"Vâ€¦" Sympathy was something rare for Weevil, but the girl just called for it.

"I gave him a warning with a little electricity for a side threat. He gave me this." She pointed her fingers up to the taser burn on her shoulders. "And taped me to the flagpole. Apparently, he liked the idea of it." Her eyes turned to shoot at Eli.

"Even serial killers get copy cats V." he grinned, trying to ease the accusation with laughter. It fell flat. "It hurt?" he nodded to the burn.

"Not as much as it did before, but, I've got a new found respect for the men I taser that get back up for more, andâ€¦ a back up plan if I ever want cheap waxing." She furrowed her brow as she pulled the last strip from her wrists.

"Why'd he undress you?"

"Maximum humiliation." she guessed. It was probably why the PCHer's did it to their victims.

"He's not going to be happy V. He's going to do something

elseâ€| "

"What am I meant to do? He's right, I'm the reason he's going to become a social outcast."

"Yeah, entirely you." he replied full of sarcasm, feeling defensive of her all over again. "I mean, you totally forced his father into being unfaithful. And, yeah, now that I think of it, I'm relatively sure you pressured his mother into getting a divorce. You sick girl."

"Thanks Eli," she smiled, however little, it was a smile. "Butâ€| I don't want to hurt him anymore."

"So you're just going to let him do this to you?"

"I'm 90% sure he's going to be leaving with his mother at the end of the week."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then I'll have to make it clear I'm not going to let it continue."

"Hell, I w-"

"But he gets one free pass today."

There was a silence where she could feel Eli try and defy her. A short silence where Eli started plotting a nasty plan. But in the silence Veronica tilted her head, her eyes softening his war. Finally he seemed to accept it.

"Never known you to be so merciful to me." he grumbled softly, an edge of tease.

"You tied Wallace to the flagpole and threatened him, and I did what in repayment? Oh, yeah. I remember, I saved your boys' asses."

"When you put it like that." he laughed. "You know, I had that han-" The beep of his mobile had him cut off.

Veronica rolled her eyes and inspected her now clear wrists, rotating them in front of her view. While he fixed whatever problem was on his phone, V picked up the nail polish remover and started on the next area. Ankles were clear since he'd had the decency to leave on her boots and tape over those. Which just left her chest and hips. Really, couldn't he have chosen a more decent area?

She rolled her eyes at her chest's bindings. She really liked the bra underneath as wellâ€| but, as with most things she liked, it was probably going to end up ruined.

Eli lifted his eyes from Felix's text report to the squeal of Veronica, the bottle held far from her, its liquid dripping from her torso.

"Cold." she spoke in explanation, a surprised smile on her lips. He couldn't help but chuckle and the break in tension lifted her spirits. "Bet you didn't envision your day like this; watching a

helpless babe pour acetone down her boobs." she teased with a laugh.

"Helpless? You?"

"But I'm still a babe, right?" she winked and scratched her nail at the tape above her breasts.

"You need to find the end and work from there V." Eli instructed, watching her paw uselessly at the sticky. Veronica obediently ran her fingers over her taped breasts and as far as she could reach behind her back.

"Little help?" she finally asked, pausing her hands behind her back.

"You sure you want me to?" he nodded to her breasts.

"Considering my other option is to spend the rest of my life in a silver tape bra, yes." she conceded. "Besides, I doubt either of us are going to enjoy it."

"Never heard that line before touching a girl." he admitted, but took the acetone from her outstretched hand.

"If it makes you feel more comfortable, I can moan at you." she taunted and used her hands to lift her hair from her neck, giving him and unhindered view of the tape.

"Yeah, because that's going to make this easier." he mumbled, but found the end of the tape under her left arm. Whoever had done this had made a deal out if, tape around her before even strapping her up on the pole. At least when the PCHer's did it, he only did what was necessary. This had sadist written in the actions. He was surprised she was lucky enough to not have to cut her hair from the tape too.

"I could whistle." she suggested, shrugging as he gave her a narrow stare in the mirror.

"Just stay still." he commanded and tilted the bottle against her skin, letting the potion trickle over the tape and corrupt the chemical formula of the sticky.

"We could always get some saucy tunes on." she continued, the situation far too uncomfortable to not tease.

"Yeah, I'm already bricking it, what's your dad gunna say when he walks in and find me pawing his damn daughter?"

"Probably; 'what am I doing home? I'm meant to be in Vegas chasing a bail jumper'." she answered with a smile.

"He left you here? With this kid threatening you?"

"Yes Eli, I'm going to tell my overprotective father of every single potential danger in my life so he chains me up in my bedroom for the rest of my life." she sarcastically droned. "You got it loose yet?" she asked in follow up, feeling his fingers scratching at the tape.

"Yeah. Just about. Let me know if it hurts though." He started slowly lifting the tape from her skin, a thumb tracing the sticky residue and nudging the glue loose. She wouldn't admit the touch was the most soothing thing she'd felt all day, but from a glance in the mirror, her eyes seemed to be yelling that exact statement for all that cared to look. Thankfully, Eli and his ego were behind her back, away from the mirrors betrayal.

Eli worked it around to her front before the silence started to itch at Veronica again.

"How's your victim?" she asked, it was just too personal when Eli was concentrating on pouring acetone on the tape over her breasts. "I know it can't have been easy having your flagpole occupied, but I'm guessing you found somewhere else to torture him."

"Hilarious." he deadpanned.

"What did he do?"

"Lives on the wrong street, called the cops. The usual."

"I see, and what were you doing that would require a concerned citizen to call the local bumbling boys in blue?"

"See, I never got that expression, they don't even wear blue."

"Don't dodge the question." she fired at him.

"Don't wriggle, or you're going to end up smelling like a petrol bomb." he shot back.

"How bad can it be?" she continued anyway. "I pretty much know you're all a gang of bad boys. Boozing it up and playing a little football next to Mr Jefferson's greenhouse isn't going to be that bad is it?"

"Boozing it up and football. Is that what you think I do V?" he chuckled, thanking his lucky stars when he could follow the tape back around her, away from her red hot interrogative glare. She could teach deputy dickshit Lamb a thing or two.

"Drugs?" she guessed. At no reaction she continued. "Ohhh, girls?" she searched in the mirror for a change in his expression, but saw nothing but the usual smirk of humour playing on his lips. "Drugs _and_ girls?!" she finished. "Oh, you wild one."

"In the middle of the street?" he questioned. "What do you think of me v?" he teased.

"Hey, I don't judge. If you get your kicks with a little exhibitionism for your gang bangs, who am I to say anything?"

"You know, sometimes, with the things you say, it makes me wonder if those rumours are as false as you claim."

"So it was violence." She changed the topic back to him. "You were beating on some undeserving brat and your tape victim decided to stop

you with a little red and blue siren?"

"I wouldn't call him undeserving." Eli muttered, removing his hands from her. "You got a cloth or something, I'm getting this all over you."

Veronica flashed to the mirror before understanding. She reached to the bag of make-up wipes she only really used after cover ID's and passed him some.

"Try it on them instead." She offered, watching him upturn the bottom onto the heavy duty cloths before rubbing them against her body. What had started out as a full bottle was already running at half. She might have to make run to the shop still half covered in tape soon. It wasn't even that effective, it still stung in places. But with the other option being tape-clad for eternity, Veronica was prepared to grit her teeth and apologise to her skin with lots and lots of moisturiser tonight. "What did he do?" Veronica asked as the cold cloth came to her back as Eli rubbed it over the edges of the tape.

The smell of the acetone was strong in the small bathroom and she was thankful the small box window had been left open.

"What did who do?" Eli's hands continued, his blunt nails tugging when the chemicalised cloth did little to help.

"The deserving guy."

"Thumper's cousin's boyfriend." Eli explained. "He'd come in drunk and slapped her around a bit."

"And you made sure it wouldn't happen again."

"Don't start painting me as a white knight V. If that kid hadn't called the cops the guy would probably be dead." He wasn't proud of it, and of all people he didn't want V's judgement for it.

Veronica swallowed. "Look, it ain't working." Eli stepped back and set the bottle and cloth down.

"Please. I'm not going to stand explaining this to my father, so either you help me get it off, or you watch me struggle tearing my skin off."

"Wait here, alright. I'll see if there's anything else." Eli left Veronica in the bathroom. She got a few more millimetres of tape free and pushed the window as far open as it could go, but otherwise she was left with a baseless tune in her head from a popsong she'd been listening to the night before. Well, that morning actually. It had been about 3am when the ass had shown up to bother her. 7am when Eli had cut her down. She was just thankful she hadn't decided to take a big gulp soda with her that night, otherwise there would be a more pressing need here. Thoughâ€| that being saidâ€| yeah, she did kinda need to pee.

"Hurry up will ya." She hollered into the house, wherever he'd disappeared. She turned the nail varnish remover on the rag again and started scrubbing at the tape's edges on her hips. This_ was_ coming off. If by stubbornness.

"Vinegar or olive oil?" the voice returned.

"Ummm, excuse me?"

Eli appeared back in the door holding two bottles. One had vinegar, the other the large bottle of Olive oil for cooking.

"Acid." He held up the vinegar. "Or slippery oil?"

"Well, I know which I'd prefer to smell like, soâ€¦ baste me." She spread her arms wide and presented herself for him.

He rolled his eyes and took the vinegar back to the kitchen.

When he returned, Veronica was standing in the bathtub.

It was probably a good idea, he hadn't even thought about the mess the acetone could have done to the floor. Thankfully, it didn't drip that far, the same couldn't be said about oil though.

"You sure about this?"

"Do I have another option?" she asked. "I really hope all your victims don't have to do this." She narrowed her eyes at him, ordering more sympathy in future.

"We barely wrap it more than three times. Plus, we only choose the assholes of the male gender. This guy, the one who did this, he's got a hell of a stick up his ass about you."

"You know, I'm slowly finding myself leaning more towards retributionâ€¦" she grumbled. "What are you doing?" she looked down at Eli to find him toeing off his shoes and then pulling off the socks, his leather jacket already on the counter.

"This isn't going to be clean." he just explained, rolling up the bottom of his jeans afterwards.

Finished, he stepped into the bathtub next to Veronica.

"Just think, you can go back and tell the boys you spent the morning in the tub with Veronica Mars."

"Yet, this so different to what I have in my mind." A look passed between them. "That's not what I meant."

"M'hmmm. Just lube me up." But she halted him and held out a hand. "This never leaves us."

"Agreed." He took her hand and shook it twice. "Now, how'd you wanna do this?"

"Ummmâ€¦ I have no idea. Just, try and pour some on my back and we'll see how it goes." A bobble that had appeared on her wrist went deftly into holding her hair off her neck. "Alright, ready." She turned her back to him and only jolted the slightest when the oil ran over the tape. "Ah, oh, it's running down my back." she squealed, wriggling away from the slide of oil that ran down her spine.

Eli's laughter couldn't be heard over her squeals as it tickled her back.

Finally, she stilled and turned to him with evil eyes that killed his laughter.

"This better work. I don't play oil slick bimbo for just anyone."

"Just think how much I could get for a photo right now."

"Just think of how I could repay you." she threatened. "And let's remember how much more body hair you have compared to me. This could get very painful if someone was to tape you."

"Think I'd be fine actually." And with a single hand he dragged down the collar of his t-shirt they'd shared. Again, she saw the flash of tattoos, but this time she noted sparse chest hair.

"There's always other body hair." she corrected, flashing her eyes down in a quick glance. The mental picture was enough to sober him with a sharp wince.

"That's cruel."

"Just a wax; women do it."

"Optionally." he amended. "It ain't optional if you tape me down there V."

"Big baby. It's just a wax." she laughed.

His retribution was to yank on the hanging end of the tape. But instead of the sharp hiss of pain, the oil had it slip from his fingers and his fist bumped into the tiled wall.

"It's working." Veronica announced as he shook off the pain in his fist. She wriggled and it slid around on her back. The tape was pulling away from her skin, but not from itself. So, instead of a layer at a time, the process had become much easier. "Scissors." she commanded. With a roll of his eyes, Eli stepped from the tub and took the scissors from the counter before returning to stand next to Veronica, cutting at the tape on her back. With it parted, she just needed to pry it from her front. "Alright, this is good." She turned to him and the reality hit. "Awkward but good."

"You swear you won't taser me?"

She held her hands up in surrender and closed her eyes.

"Just do it."

She cringed as the oil slid down into her bra but a smile on her lips told her through that very motion meant she'd be free soon. Veronica's hands replaced Eli's and she rubbed it across the tape, making sure the oil was doing its job in loosening the tape.

Eli tried not to look, he really did. But the oil glistening her skin was dribbling down her taut stomach and over her legs. He even tried to look away as she rubbed it into her tape smothered cleavage, but

his eyes just found the mirror and it led right back to her.

"Vâ€| you, uhâ€| You wanna finish this yourself?" he asked as she peeled the tape from her skin, the pale pink of the bra a contrast to the irritated red skin.

"I can't grip it." she stated, blissfully ignorant to his predicament as she tried and failed to grip the tape to rip it from her.

"I, uhâ€| "

"Oh, wait. Look." Veronica grabbed the bottom of the bra and moved it left to right, true enough the tape moved with it as well. She was free, the duct tape was just stuck to the bra now, and from Veronica's pout, it was clear she knew she had to bin it. "Now just the bottoms." She grinned, passing her smile to Eli. Of course, it was then she noticed how suddenly uncomfortable he looked.

She skated a glance to her chest, had the shift in her bra let free a nipple or something? Nope.

And then it hit her. She blushed, flattered.

"Can you justâ€| I can't reach around to do the back, butâ€| I can do the rest, I think."

He numbly nodded and grabbed the bottle from the side of the tub.

She turned to him and he really really tried not to stare at her ass as he dribbled the oil over the tape on her hips. He really did try.

He cleared his throat as he finished.

"I think you're good now."

"I really appreciate it." She turned back to him sincerely.

"Yeahâ€| s'nothing."

"Thanks. I owe you." She smiled and took the bottle from his outreached hands.

"Just don't go getting yourself stuck to my pole from now on." Again they exchanged the look. "That's not what I meant either."

"I get it." She nodded, biting her lip to stop the laughter.

"This is really not how I thought today would g-" but on his exit from the bath, his foot slipped in the oil and he sailed down into the slip 'n' slide tub, knocking Veronica on top of him and ending up in the tub together.

Veronica's laughter filled the room, her chest shaking against him as she tried and failed to stand up.

"This isn't working." she managed to speak between bubbles of a giggle fit.

Eli shrugged over in the oil to face up to her, having the giggling blonde on his tshirt, barely able to contain herself. It didn't help how she slid on him and the tub, rubbing right against where he wanted her but couldn't have her.

Finally, the stressed lust broke through to let him laugh at himself. Here he was, oil wrestling with Veronica Mars in her bathtub. She didn't have to worry about him telling anyone, who the hell would believe him? "I'm so sorry." she bumbled out between laughter, her hands and feet slipping as she tried to right herself over him.

They hadn't thought past the duct tape when it came to the slippery substance used.

"S'alright V, suppo-" Eli was cut off as her knee slid into his thigh, barely missing a much much more valuable and currently semi-hard target.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I slipped and, I-" Of course Veronica caught herself a bit too late, already putting hands to Eli, to ease the impact wound. "Sorry." She flushed beet red and withdrew her hands completely.

"Jesus V!" Eli draped his arm over his eyes. Could this day possibly get any weirder? "Just stay still, a'ight?" Her wriggling to get further away from him, to help he was sure, was just making it worse, her tiny hands struggling to find purchase anywhere but his thighs. "V." he grumbled and pushed to sit up, grabbing her around her waist and stilling her entirely. "Still, okay?"

"I didn't mean to."

"Yeah, neither did I, but a lathering a hot blonde in oil isn't something I can stay immune to a'ight?"

She bit her lip and said nothing. With a sigh, he addressed the issue logically. "Your dad got any jeans I can borrow? Can't exactly ride home with my ass slippin' all over the seat."

"He's ummm, not exactly your size. But, I can wash and dry them for you. It'll only be an hour or two tops. And, you can borrow the shower."

With no other option it looked like he was resigned to it.

"Alright. Get yourself cleaned up first though, you still got tape to come off."

He grabbed the side of the bath and carefully pulled himself onto the bathmat.

"There's clean towels in the closet opposite the bathroom." she instructed. He tossed her a smile and almost slid to his ass on the tiled floor but managed to make it out of the bathroom and close the door.

* * *

><p>A half hour later, Veronica was clean and happy, free of tape and more importantly, oil. The bath had been given a quick de-coat as

well. She stepped out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, her underwear in the trash, her bladder thankfully emptied. Everything was good.<p>

"Look, V. 'bout earlier." Weevil began, seeing her emerge, the tv on but suddenly ignored.

"What happened in the bathroom stays in the bathroom." she vowed. "Which, you are entirely free to use. I can vouch for the showergel, it definitely works to get rid of the grease, so use as much as you want." She'd used almost an entire bottle of her own. From the slippery shine on Weevil's shaved head, it was likely he was just as in need.

He stood, picking up the towel he'd been sat on while watching TV, the oil's shine on his shirt and jeans. "If you, ummm, throw me your clothes out, I can put them in the laundry. They shouldn't take too long."

"Thanks V."

Veronica dressed in her room, and when she stepped back out, there was a carefully placed ball of oil covered male clothes outside the bathroom door, the sound of the shower hitting the tiles coming from inside.

She smiled at the door, adding the clothes to her own load and continuing to the other side of the complex to the laundry room.

When she returned, the shower's noise had stopped.

"V?" she heard from inside and paused by the door.

"Yeah?"

"You, uh... you sure your dad's out all day?"

"Pretty much, why?"

"Just, uh... don't think I'd survive if he came home."

"He's seen males before, I think you'd be safe."

"In their boxers on your couch?" Eli added and opened the bathroom door a crack. "Other than my boxers and this towel, I'm kinda out of clothes."

"Oh." Veronica paused, not only hadn't she thought that far, but the tattooed Mexican half naked in her bathroom was sending crazy ideas into her head. "Well, I can offer you one of his shirts, but I don't think it will fit you. But, he's not meant to be coming back until late tomorrow so I'd say you're safe."

"You sure?"

"Leader of a motorcycle gang and terrified of my father, something doesn't fit here." she teased, knowing it would be the surefire way to get Eli out of the bathroom. It worked.

"I'm not terrified of your father." he corrected, striding out of the bathroom. "It's a healthy amount of respect for the guy that's put me in a jail cell more times than I can remember. Let's not forget about that gun either."

"Just wait until I tell Felix." she taunted, but danced back to the sofa and dropped herself heavily to its cushioned embrace.

"What happened to 'what happens in the bathroom stays in the bathroom'?"

"You're not in the bathroom." She stuck her tongue out and patted the sofa cushion next to her, trying hard not to follow where her eyes wanted to look. Those black boxers did little to hide any shapes and sizes.

He made his way over, but fidgeted.

"Feels weird V." he complained. Reaching back, Veronica pulled the blanket from the sofa to lay over his lap.

"Better?"

He nodded and she felt the same weight lift from her shoulders. An underwear clad biker on her sofa was definitely not in her day planner. "Movie?" she suggested, passing across the remote to him.

As he started flipping through the action movies of the week, Veronica picked her moisturiser from the floor, popping the cap and squirting some into her hand.

It was only when she felt the pressure of Eli's gaze did she turn to meet him.

"What?" she asked his confused expression.

"What you doing?"

"Baking a cake." she supplied with a laugh. "Don't look at me like that."

"Just didn't think you were the type."

"The moisturizing type?" she asked with a smirk. "Well, someday, when I've ripped duct tape from skin, I like to indulge in a little after care."

"Oh." he accepted, turning back to the tv. "Does it hurt?"

"I'll survive."

"You didn't deserve this, V."

"I know." But the sigh was resigned, like she'd tried and failed to tell herself that a thousand times over.

"I mean it. This guy was out of line."

When she didn't reply he turned back to look at her only to find her

with hands under her shirt rubbing her chest. "Jesus V." he quickly turned away, staring dead at the lampshade.

Her laughter rang out brightly flooding into him like a poison.

"What, it's not like I'm naked." But her laughter was hardly over. "Or even a little indecent." Eli turned further around, looking over the back of the sofa at the wall as the corner of his eyes saw her petite hands slip the waistband of her jeans to lessen the damage of the lower tape. "Who would have thought, Weevil scared of a little skin?" but as she recalled the incident of the slippery bathtub she cut her soothing short. "I'm finished now."

She'd seen girls that would mercilessly taunt men with their bodies and considered it unfair and unjust, but now, here she was unknowingly doing the same thing to the very man that had cut her down from the flagpole.

Thankfully, he didn't seem too bothered by it when he turned back around and picked up another text message or five on his phone.

Eventually, they settled into relaxed mode, an old comedy classic on the tv. Halfway through she swapped the washing into the dryer and returned to find him in exactly the same position, tapping out messages on his phone every few minutes and chuckling at the stupidity of the actors between messages.

"Where the fire?" she asked near the end of the film where he had missed three laughs instead focussing on the device. "Felix lost without you?"

"Something like that." But he sounded more angry than jovial.

"If you need to goâ€¦ I can check on yo-"

"I'm good here." He turned to looked at her, pulling a smile over his frown.

"You seemâ€¦ pre-occupied. And I mean, I am thankful for your save today. I really owe you big, but you don't need to stay with me. I'm fine."

"Says the girl taped up naked to a flagpole today, who refuses to do anything about it."

"I'm not not doing anything about it. I'm just taking the high road."

"You and your damn sense of decency. It's fucked you know."

"Yeahâ€¦ I guess." Veronica stood, brushing off imaginary dirt. "I'll go check if your clothes are dry."

"V. I didn't mean like that, I-" But the door closed on her smile and she walked the distance to the laundry.

* * *

><p>Veronica returned 10 minutes later, the cycle was minutes away from finishing when she arrived and she let it complete. The clothes were warm and dry in her arms, but the half naked Mexican was no longer on her couch. Instead, he was wearing a track in the floor, pacing back and forth waiting for her.<p>

"V." Instantly he came in front of her, a war waging in his mind, something had obviously been bothering him. For a millisecond he was stood close, far too close, then he was a shot away from her.

"Mostly dry." she spoke, passing him his jeans and shirt.

"Damn it V." He'd been fighting his mind and protectiveness to draw a conclusion that had him nervous.

"I appreciate you cutting me down, bu-" her angry dismissal was cut short by decisive action. His hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her towards the bathroom. The second her foot followed him inside he pulled her to him, his lips pressing against hers.

Surprise turned to questions, questions turned to a pleasant shock and that quickly spiralled into pleasure. Damn could Eli kiss.

His hands pulled her closer, her own flat on his chest mixing with tattoos of holy and unholy origin.

"Eli, what-" Kiss "Are you doing?"

He stepped back, hands firmly planted on the bathroom counter, far far away from her tempting body.

Veronica felt a chill replace the warmth that had held her tight.

"If you need me to explain, it ain't workin'." he admitted sheepishly, ready for rejection, Veronica Mars style. All his feelings had finally accumulated into a need for action and it was going to be thrown back in his face. She was difficult to read at the best of times.

"No, I got that. I mean, yeah, I got that. Andâ€¦ yeah." She grinned. "I just mean, what are you doing?" her eyes purposefully went around the bathroom.

"Figured what happened in here stays in here still applied. Might rely on it if you keep pulling that face at me."

"My surprised '_what the hell just happened'_ face? Yeah, it might be here for a while." she admitted, ran her fingers through her hair, ignoring the tingle on her lips. And Eli was still just stood there in his boxers. "You kissed me."

"Yeahâ€¦"

"You cut me down from a flag pole, covered me in oil and kissed me." she recapped the crazy of her day, slightly stunned.

"When you put it like thatâ€¦"

Weevil wasn't staying for further rejection. Protecting Veronica came with a side dish of desire that he had no wish to explain to her right now. He grabbed the leather jacket he'd set on the bathroom counter hours ago and made his way to his clothes, then to leave.

"Where you going?" she followed him, pausing behind him as he stopped just outside the bathroom.

"Home, V." To drink away the day, then drunkenly relive alone with his hand probably.

"Wait." Her fingers grasped his bicep, tugging him back into the small room.

"What, V?"

In response, she curled into him, rising on her tiptoes to wind an arm up to his neck, her warm body pulsing against him. His eyes dropped to her lips, held a breath from him.

"Stay?" she whispered, gliding her hips against him.

"You want me to?"

"Please."

"We gunna have to stay in the bathroom?" he quizzed, desperate to kiss her again. But one taste of those lips and his iron will would crack.

For an answer, she slipped away from him, fingers following down to his, lacing them together and guiding him from the bathroom to her bedroom. "I didn't mean w-"

"Nothing you don't want to happen, virgin." she teased, earning a deep throaty growl from him, her body pressed against her open bedroom door as he claimed the lips that tormented him. "Besides," He growled again, fingers firmly grabbing her chin to keep her lips to his. His hard body collided with her contours, his hands hungry to free her from her clothes and even the field.

The door gave him excellent leverage to demonstrate his arousal against her, making her roll her hips in return along with a moan vibrating along his tongue.

"Jesus V." His arms wrapped around her, moving with her to the bed.

"You owe me a ride, on your hog." She breathed with a laugh, her fingers already miles ahead of herself, stroking his length through his boxers.

"Oh, I'll show you a ride." The dark words only aroused her further.

* * *

><p>Eli grinned to himself, striding off the bike, the helmet tugged off in the next second. He highly doubted there was anyone in all of

Neptune any near as happy as he was right then.<p>

"Busy night?"

Eli paused, sucked on his teeth, but turned around to the feisty blonde that had fulfilled his dreams only hours before.

"Could say that." he agreed, tipping his head back to see the top of the staircase where she stood, robe lifting slightly in the mild breeze.

"It must have been, you didn't even have time to leave a note. Or, to even turn the TV off."

Eli sighed. So much for happiest man in Neptune.

He'd awoken to the vibration of his mobile, Felix had finally figured out which punk ass pendejo had taped his girl to the flagpole. Naturally, action had been needed, and thus incited.

"V." He started up the stairs, knowing full well, she was likely to be even more pissed at him for what he had done. "Before you get mad and start with the yelling and screamingâ€| what happenedâ€| was in no way linked to your name."

"I think if I twisted hard enough, I could find a link." Yep, it was a bad mood, and V was already seeing straight through what he wanted to tell her.

"A'ight. Look, I'll leave if you want. But, this doesn't erase what happened between usâ€| and, I'm not happy with just letting him skate past without any kind of punishment." His fingers stabbed out at the air, his own temper rising. When she said nothing, just rose an expectant eyebrow, he dug a photo from his back pocket. Felix had made a point of taking one should the kid ever change his mind about leaving town. On the ride back, Eli had considered the idea to print it, a gift to Vâ€| of sorts. Of course, as he got closer, he started to realise what he could see as a present might not be taken as such. "It's not much, butâ€|" he handed across the photo, his scrappy penmanship scrawled across the back. "And he's pretty much sworn to leave town." Eli scratched at his head as she devoured the photo with unchanging eyes. "Soâ€| he shouldn't bother you ever again."

Veronica nodded slowly.

Prickles of memory tingled where the duct tape had been.

The kid would have a much worse night that she had.

The PCH'ers had turned her assailant into a duct tape mummy, complete with full body cast. They had obviously made a point about it being their flagpole as the kid was taped high up, his feet off the ground. It had probably taken all of the biker gang to achieve such results.

Gravity would drag him down before school would start and they'd left him with kid's safety scissors at the bottom of the pole. He'd be free and fleeing before the embarrassment could commenceâ€| if he worked really hard.

Veronica felt her lips twitch with the echo of a smile.

It was a hell of a lot more generous that he was to her.

Then again, getting all that duct tape off wouldn't be pleasant.

"V?" she lifted her eyes back to Eli. There was nothing but concern. For her.

She flipped the photo, having spotted black writing when he'd pulled it from his pocket.

Couldn't let it slide- there's consequences for messing with a PCHer's girl

As threatening as it might read, it was by far the sweetest thing Weevil had left her. Finding her tied to that flagpole hadn't just been a nightmare for her, it had been for him as well. At least now, he had his form of justice.

"Figured I'd leave it on the table with your keysâ€|" Eli spoke, his hand uncurling with her set of keys nestled in it.

She nodded and took back the keys. "Vâ€| you mad?"

"You wanna come in?" she stepped back towards the open apartment door.

"Youâ€| y-" the surprise couldn't have been more evident. He was sure it wasn't going to end happily for him. "Yeah." With a grin he resumed his happiest man in Neptune status and finished the distance up the steps.

"Eli," she paused him, her dainty hand to his leather jacket. "Thanks." And she pressed her lips to his cheek. Short and sweet.

"Woah, that's all I get?" His cockiness shone with his lifted mood.

"Outside, yeah." She smiled. "However, if you would be willing to accompany me out of public sight, I do have another idea of how to show my thanks."

"Hell yeah."

End
file.